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My heart  
There is no  
Ours  
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And loud it  
Ours  
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Ours  
Ere the lig  
Ours  
At midnight  
Ours  
Winds were  
We heard  
Ours  
And the he  
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In the ve  
Ours  
Ere I rode  
While mist  
By the star  
I to the m  
Ours  
She stood m  
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Silent, y  
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She saw m  
Ours  
Where for  
Ours

Atwood and  
Original  
The latter a

The false, for  
The murderer,  
And parents  
Ours  
They hear, of  
Ours  
Oh narrow,  
Ours  
Lend, last  
Ours  
Oh dreadful  
The little  
Ours  
But I was  
Ours  
They should  
Ours  
How could  
Ours  
How could  
They should  
They should  
Ours  
Oh, breaking  
Ours  
Oh, pain, pain  
Ours  
Then smiles  
And there the  
Ours  
What wretched  
Ours  
I cry aloud,  
Ours

I feel the sun  
Up from my  
Ocean

Oh! cursed be  
     Orleans  
 Oh! happy be  
     Orleans  
 With night be  
     Orleans  
*Bonds me*  
     Orleans  
 A woe, we  
     Orleans  
 When Noris  
     Orleans  
 I walk, I dance  
     Orleans  
*Thou hast be*  
     Orleans  
*I does not die*  
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**THE GREAT**  
 We have placed  
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